

Ecclesia & Reformatio.

A

DIALOGUE

Betwixt

St. Paul's Church

AND

Salters Hall.

LONDON;

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LONDON

DIALOGUE

Betwixt

St. PAUL's Church

AND

SALTER's HALL.

Salters Hall.

TELL me, vast Fabrick! where thou mean'st
to grow?

What mighty top must sute thy bulk below?

Mul-

Must thy vast Spire attempt the distant Skies ?

As thy high Roof does o're the Houses rise :

Like some proud Mountain near a spacious Plain,

Thou dost the Flocks and little Hills disdain :

Thy Pageant Pomp and gilded Arches shine

By holy Sanction, and a Light divine.

Th' astonishd Crowd before thee do confess,

And all around the gawdy Idol bless.

Submissive People tremble at thy Nod,

And worship thee, tho they profane their God ;

Whilst those whom Reason better things has
(taught,

Are by constraint unto thy Altars brought ;

Are forc'd to bow ; or impiously you break

What your Faith calls the stiff and stubborn Neck.

You, like some mighty Whale upon the Sea,
 Make trembling Fishes your Commands obey ;
 Or else you execute pretended Power,
 The Right divine is giv'n you to devour.

St. Paul's.

This mighty Orb, by Holy Writ we're taught,
 From confus'd Atoms was to Order brought :
 The Days and Years in regular State began,
 And ever since in just Procession ran.
 Nature exorbitant does often grow,
 The Blood flows sometimes high, ebbs often low :
 But in Religion a Decorum's us'd,
 Its Rights are orderly, and not confus'd.

The brainless Mob wild Passions do controul,
 And Infant-Saints need Guardians to the Soul ;
 Spiritual Doctors don't the Patient please,
 But suit the Medicines to the Disease :
 If grown delirious, Physick is refus'd,
 Force, for the Patient's good, must then be us'd.

Salters Hall.

If human Laws may force a human Mind,
 One's fancy may another's Conscience bind,
 And those who never own'd a God at all,
 At least do blindly serve and bow to *Baal*.
 Make Terms of their Communion wrong or right,
 If all Religion must be made by Might ;

We chuse a Doctor for our Body's Health,
 And give him Fees according to our Wealth: T
 We try his Medicines, then approve his Skill, O y
 But think no Law impowers him to kill: now or T
 The Heav'nly Quacks no Power can controul, 15 Y
 They have a Right Divine to kill the Soul: 2 ed T
 Spiritual Phyfick we must take by force; 21 dn A
 You drench the Soul, as Farriers do a Horse. 15
 Where Doctors thus Man's Reason do invade, 21 dn I
 The Patient's sober, and the Doctor's mad: 21 dn V
 Had not the Mortal must such Toils endure, 21 dn A
 Better be damn'd than undergo the Cure: 21 dn A
 For where the Church such Recipes does bring,
 Saving and Damning is the self same thing.

(10)

The Laws in Faith can no Direction give ;
By Grace Divine and Reason we believe :
Tho we our Hopes in Reason do not place,
Yet Reason follows, or is join'd with Grace.
The Spirit's Work no humane Law controuls,
And Reason tells th' effect it has on Souls.
In vain the Sould with humane Laws you bind,
In sensless Shackles fetter up the Mind,
Which like th' eternal Thought is unconfin'd :
As if our Sense was only fit for Trade,
And Reason never for Religion made :
And must not of our Souls concern debate,
But blindly grope for an eternal State.

St.

St. Paul's.

Reason may be on tumbling Surges lost,

Or, not well govern'd in the Clouds, be lost;

Reason in all things ought to have its due,

But still have proof to know your Reason's true.

'Tis plain how often Men do change their Mind,

Oft as the Tides, or the unconstant Wind;

Continual Errors 'mongst the wise abound,

And not one Man infallible is found;

How oft the Judgment leads the Man aside;

And Reason wanders when it has no Guide.

I mark the way your Reason ought to go,

And the best Path to Heav'nly Mansions show;

By me directed you may overcome
 The crooked Serpent, and the Whore of *Rome* ;
 I founded am upon the *Rock* Divine,
 I am your Guide, and the blest Scripture's mine.
 The Holy Word, my *Charter* and Delight,
 And National States have recogniz'd my Right.
 If stubborn Souls my Precepts cannot draw,
 I must convert 'em by the force of Law.
 The Body's Pleasure did the Soul oppres,
 Made Mankind fall into Unhappiness.
 The Body justly its Afflictions hath,
 To save the Soul from an eternal Wrath.
 Think it not hard if I Chastisement give,
 I scourge the Fletch, to make the Conscience live.

Salters Hall.

I know our *Reason* may be in the dark,
 And blunder oft, and often miss the mark ;
 But the *All-wise* his *Councils* can unfold,
 And give his *Spirit* as he did of old.
 The mighty *Truths* of the *Eternal Word*
 No aids of humane *Reason* can afford :
 The *Light* *Divine* is evermore conceal'd,
 But by the *God* of *Light* himself reveal'd,
 Whose *Spirit* reaches to the inward Parts,
 He views the secret corners of our *Hearts* :
 Were you my *Guide*, I needs must go astray,
 When only *Jesus* *Divinum* leads the way :

How can you me a safe Instruction grant,

Who know not half the Mercies I do want ?

What Stings of Conscience I within me feel,

Or Apprehensions of approaching Hell ;

A Guide to Reason of a nobler Make

Than what of humane Frailty does partake.

How can your Reason be a Guide to mine,

When both our Reason's equally divine ;

Thro equal Clouds and daily Errors pass,

And differ only as improv'd by Grace.

The Scripture only is our Reason's Guide,

And all is Noise and Foolishness beside.

Lay by the Law, and thy Foundation's gone,

Thou art not built upon the Corner-stone.

By Humane Power thou art wondrous great,
 But Civil Sanction proves a Human Cheat,
 The Church of Christ to endless Ages blest,
 Can of it self, without a Law, suffice
 When Foes invade her, she has no Recourse
 To weak Auxili'ries of humane Force.
 Our blessed Saviour has no Pow'r given
 To mortal Man to change the Laws of Heav'n.
 Th' eternal Law do's ev'ry where suffice
 To rule the Church, and to instruct the Wise.
 If you to mend it do a Power own,
 By the same Power you may pull it down:
 'Tis highest Arrogance to think that you
 In making Forms our Saviour can outdo.

If only Law thy boasted Basis be ;
 The Pagan Temples are as good as thee ;
 The Law, thy Prayers does impose on Man,
 Imposes also the *Turks Alcoran*.
 When back'd with Pow'r your *Articles* you give,
 We do at best implicitly believe.

St. Paul's.

I do not the eternal Law infringe,
 Nor do the Churches Constitution change ;
 My Laws were never necessary meant,
 But left to Souls as things indifferent :
 The Modes of Worship are no part of *Faith*,
 I do believe but what the *Scripture* saith.

But

But by the Power above's is left to me,
 To appoint what Modes there shall in Worship be.
 My Rites are all conform unto the Word,
 And heav'nly Comfort to the Soul afford :
 I in my Chóire transporting Raptures find,
 Seraphick Strains, and an exalted Mind.
 These are the Blessings I impose on you,
 For which, Apostate, I am deem'd your Foe.

Salters-Hall.

By things Indifferent I am betray'd ;
 For still I find 'em necessary made :
 My Sons by these have often been undon,
 Their Souls beneath thy gilded *Altars* groan ;

Stifl'd in *Prisons*, robb'd of *Liberty*,

For Non-compliance to thy *Foppery* :

Which (tho to Forms Divine thou mak'st pretence)

Have no alliance unto common *Sense*.

Thy mimick Postures, and thy sensless Bows,

Thy gilded Organs, and Theatrick Rows

Of Fidlers, Harpers, Singing-men, and Boys,

Praising of God in a confounded noise ;

Can bawdy Ballads chant, or sacred *Hymn*,

One day a *Fidler*, next a *Seraphim* :

He whose polluted Breath but t'other day,

Charm'd the lewd Audience at a bawdy Play,

Sings with the same lewd Breath within thy *Quire*,

And tunes his Voice to *David's* sacred *Lyre*.

I peep'd within thy Gates the other day ;
 (For Novelty may lead the best astray)
 I view'd thy Altar, and the gilded Wood ;
 Where in a Corner a strange Songster stood ;
 A Goldfinch he appear'd unto the Sight,
 His sacred Vestments were of red and white ;
 But when he open'd his unhallow'd Throat,
 He seem'd some croaking Raven by his Note :
 Prodigious Scare-crow on his Perch was rear'd,
 To warn the old, and make the young afraid ;
 Lord ! how with gogle Eyes he wonders at
 Some mighty somthing, is the Lord knows what ;
 Extends his Arms, as Angels do their Wings,
 Seems to mount upward, as below he sings.

This, this the Worship, which thy Laws ordain ;
 Thus, thus the Sacred Name is took in vain :
 Thus Men their Reason and their Sense confound,
 And chase Religion by an empty Sound.
 Me Sounds alike do please ; the croaking Frogs,
 Thy Nest of Whistles, or the Drove of Hogs.
 I teach my Sons Humility and Love,
 And all the Graces furnish'd from Above ;
 Not frothy Notions, Philosophick Pride,
 But Christ for gain'd Sinners crucify'd ;
 How they untruly Passions should subdue,
 Discharge the Old man, and receive the New ;
 I bid 'em still for Sufferings prepare,
 And be provided for the Christian War,

'Gainst days of Persecution shall return,
 And they, as Saints of old, for Faith may burn :
 I bid 'em oft in Meditations be,
 And tho thou hat'st my Children, pray for thee.

St. Paul's.

My Sacred Rites have bin approv'd by all.
 We Orthodox and holy Fathers call,
 And learned Prelates above all the rest,
 Lately deceas'd, and number'd with the Blest,
 Whose holy Lives have demonstration giv'n,
 They were the Darlings of the Church and Heav'n.
 'Tis want of Knowledg makes you thus dissent :
 You should, you should your Ignorance lament ;

Your

Your native Sowrness and Stupidity,

Two ill Companions for a Christian be :

While you no harmless Ceremonies grant,

You break the Windows to destroy the Paint ;

Because you find irregular the Porch,

You are resolv'd to batter down the Church.

Thus some craz'd Mariner upon the Deep,

To drown the Rats, dos madly sink his Ship.

You can no good by my Devotion feel,

Nor will before my sacred Altars kneel,

But for Preferment, or a wealthy Place,

Interest usurps, and baffles conquer'd Grace ;

Your Sons assemble, and with mine receive

The Sacrament, as I the same do give ;

Nought of their former Faith dos then remain,

They ride the Horse, but Interest guides the Rein.

Salters-Hall.

On Fathers, Councils, Synods, or Decrees,

I don't rely, or guide my Faith by these.

Of human Race all our Fore-fathers were,

Oft left the Good, and with the Bad did err :

When ere their Doctrins do a Doubt afford,

I bring it to the Touchstone of the Word.

I ne're cou'd think the righteous God would give

Power to one, for others to believe,

Or that a Father had a right to be

Judg for himself and his Posterity.

My Sons thou flander'ſt, and call'ſt ignorant,
 Thy Sons, tho learn'd, do all the Graces want :
 My Sons too could their human Learning boast,
 But that in things of God and Faith is lost.
 Can'ſt thou the Spirit, and the Fathers Love,
 By Mathematick Demonstration prove,
 Why God Religion in this Land should place,
 And toſo many Lands deny his Grace ?
 In human Learning we no Profit find,
 For human things affect a human Mind ;
 The things of God a nobler heat require
 Our Souls are touch'd with a Celestial Fire,
 Which tho we can't conceive, we must admire.

The blessed Martyrs in the days of old

My sacred Truths and Doctrins sound did hold ;

Did the same Faith, and the same Worship teach,

Alike they worship'd, and alike did preach :

Their Learning was their Persecutors shame ;

But 'twas God's Spirit led 'em through the Flame.

Nature oppres'd by Nature, quits the Field,

Without divine assistance soon dos yield :

My Sons too many, and alas too weak,

Do at thy Altars their Preferments seek :

Where Int'rest rules, the weaker Graces fall,

And men corrupted bow the Knee to *Baal*,

Side with the World for Profit and Estate,

But these my Sons are illegitimate ;

Creep to my Altars 'mongst the numerous Throng,
 Not well instructed to continue long :
 But if God's Word, and Sacrament divine,
 Be thus abus'd, the fault is wholly thine :
 I blame my Sons who with thy Laws do close,
 But more I blame thee dost those Laws impose ;
 Laws which the Rights of Nature do infringe,
 Corrupt the Faith, and Ordinances change ;
 Thus aker'd, thus directed, are at best
 Only a secular and human Test :
 To ruin Faith you Votaries decoy ;
 For thus to alter's wholly to destroy.

While

While you in Pow'r your vast Dominion place,
 You do the worth of Sacraments debase,
 The ill effects of a corrupted Grace.
 Thy Sons by Profits are grown wondrous great ;
 Why are my Sons excluded from the State ?
 Thy Sons grow proud, while mine you thus debar ;
 For Pride and Power still consistent are :
 My Sons are all excluded from the Court,
 And must not serve a Monarch they support ;
 A King they love, a Settlement they own,
 And did their best to bring him to the Throne ;
 For him they always most devoutly pray,
 That Heav'n would bles, and still direct his way :

I teach my Infants his just Praise to sing,

For him my Lute and trembling Harp I string,

And all my Sons are loyal to the King.

Thy Sons are disobedient to the Laws,

And traiterously embark in a bad Cause,

Would all our Rights and Liberties betray,

Set up the Slave, and take the Man away :

Some of thy Sons ingloriously contriv'd :

To take that Life away by which they liv'd ;

With murderous Hands that sacred King to seize,

Which sav'd our sinking Nations in distress.

Their villainous Acts and their detested Fame

Our City Gates do all around proclaim.

St. Paul's.

How ill pronounc'd is sacred Loyaltie,
 By thy inhuman, murderous Brood and Thee ?
 What mighty Mischies heretofore you've don,
 Murder'd the Father, and depos'd the Son ;
 You loyal prove only to gain by Stealth
 That hideous ill shap'd thing, a Commonwealth,
 Which better with your Discipline might sute,
 More rigid far than mine, and absolute ;
 My Sons were ever from Rebellion free,
 Much fam'd for their unspotted Loyalty.
 I the best Guardian to a Monarch's Throne,
 All my rebellious Children do disown :

Thy

Thy Sons uneasy do promote our Wars,
Bred up to Factions, and intestine Jars ;
Ill natur'd, insolent, corrupt and bad,
Morose, perverse, and mischievously mad,
Turbulent, proud, impatient in distress,
Their Sins to God nor Man they will confess ;
Sprung from the Loins of Angels as they fell,
Averse to Good, and easy to rebel ;
Bold Mariners who 'mongst the Rocks do steer,
Always rejoicing when a Storm is near ;
On swelling Seas they most contentment find,
Pleas'd with the Noise and Ruffling of the Wind :

Bout'feu's that always light Dissention's Torch,

Loading with Pasquils still the harmless Church.

Salters Hall.

My Sons are gentle, and avoid Disputes,

Contention ill with their kind tempers uses :

Not haughty, puff'd, nor insolently proud,

Stoop to Superiors, humble to the Crowd :

Reverence the Good, nor do the Bad despise,

Pity the Fools, and do applaud the Wise,

And Kindness show ev'n to their Enemies :

Yet never think the Laws of God provide

The Saint should lay the Englishman aside.

The Laws of Nature, and of common Sense

Allow all Men to speak in their Defence.

If thy Sons rudely will my Children use,

Of Crimes unknown thus falsely will accuse,

Their native Innocence they then must clear,

Asles and Camels must hard Burdens bear ;

To Men of worth their Reputation's dear.

Gainst them industriously thine always toil,

The very Dragons of thy Church revile ;

And each dull Weathercock thou mount'st aloft

Has both at me and at my Children scoff :

Thy Dragon does declare thy Infants Breed,

That all thy Sons are of the Serpents Seed ;

The Church that's represented by a Dragon,
 Proves that its Head and chief Support is *Dragon* :
 Which lately has within a neighbouring Land
 Stumbld before the Ark, and lost his Hand.
 Each wretched Mortal such a Fate will find,
 Who is averse to the Eternal Mind.
 Thy *Babel* Spires, as they do upwards rise,
 May feel the Fury of the angry Skies :
 And the proud Towers now are grown so tall,
 May by loud Thunder and fork'd Lightning fall.
 Thou sayst my Sons are a rebellious Brood,
 And have their hands in Blood of Kings imbrue'd :

My Sons did ne'er molest a righteous State,
 But Tyranny they always grumbild at:
 'Tis not their fault if Kings do Tyrants grow,
 Prove their both Ruin and their Overthrow:
 They may their Actions and their Crimes condemn,
 But 'tis just Heav'n alone does punish them.

St. Paul's.

Thus for my Kindness I'm rewarded still,
 My Goodness thus excites ye unto ill:
 Thy sensless Schism I always do lament,
 And dread thy Danger, which I would prevent:
 But good Advice and Arguments are vain,
 To Men perplex'd with a distracted Brain.

I would have drawn thee with the Cords of Love,

The gentle Methods of my Head above,

But all my means do unsuccesful prove,

Whil'st these kind Methods I have tried,

I, what Correction can affect, have try'd:

But neither Love nor Wrath was understood,

Doom'd to be stubborn, and estrang'd to good!

I all my Ends and good Intentions mist,

Whilst thou in thy Perverseness didst perfirr:

The most unwieldy, resty thing alive,

A wayward Beast will neither lead nor drive:

But yet to thee I open still my Gate,

Hadst thou but Grace to enter in therat.

Beneath my Roof I have preserv'd a Room
 For thee and all thy Sons that thither come; and I
 Where a safe Shelter thou mayst always find; and
 From wasting Rains, and the tempestuous Wind.

Salters Hall.

Thus some great Lion of the *Lybian* Brood,
 Who long has reign'd and ravag'd all the Wood,
 The harmless Herds his rav'nous Paws has kill'd,
 Whose murder'd Carkasses his Guts have fill'd:
 Grown old he can't so nimbly brisk about,
 Or if he's muzzl'd, or his Teeth beat out,
 Contracts his Paws, seems lovingly inclin'd,
 Feeds with the Does, and slumbers with the Hind.

Tho

The now he can't, as once, so loudly roar,
 Nor be as cruel as he was before;
 His Mind's the same, and always bent to ill;
 Nature unchang'd, he is a Lion still.
 How kindly now my Sons you do invite,
 Who know you're muzzl'd, and you cannot bite:
 My Sons supported by the self-same Law,
 Which once expos'd them to the Lions Paw:
 Nor need they now to thee for Shelter come,
 Since Law secures 'em in their Faith at home:
 Beneath thy Shade no generous Plant will grow,
 Thy Shade's destructive as the Frost or Snow.

The Beasts which o're the flowry, Pastures range
 May for thy Shadow sultry Beasts exchange,
 But soon return to Herbage in the Field
 Thy Shelter does no wholsom Pasture yield.

My Sonne I beseeche thee by the life of the Lions King
 Who didst me wrong to take me from the land of lions
 Not needst thou to speare for speare for speare
 Since I was born, but in thine Empire I shall be
 F I N I S.

